

BRING YOUR
HAY AND GRAIN
To
MacCrimmon

THE CHRONICLE.

A. D. MacCrimmon
MONEY
TO LOAN
On Real Estate.

VOL. I. NO. 45.

CROSSFIELD, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1908.

PRICE \$1 A YEAR.

Sutherland's for Stoves.

MOFFAT PARLOR HEATERS.

Fairy Oak No. 13 \$11.75, No. 15 \$14
Nugget, No. 9, \$9
Live Oak, No. 130, \$10.50
Stove boards 90cts.

These prices good for one week only,

THE TOGGERY.

New Hats New Shirts
New Gloves Sheep Coats
Overalls Sox
Handkerchiefs, red and blue

SUITS PRESSED

D. G. HARVIE.

SEE DAVE

CROSSFIELD LUMBER YARD

When you are in need of Lumber it will pay you
to compare my prices and quality with any yard on this
line. If you cannot make out your own bill of what you
require, I will be glad to help you.

GEO. BECKER, Prop.

Ontkes & Armstrong.

General Merchandise and Hardware

DRY GOODS

New Lines of Winter Goods in Ladies Wrapperette,
Serges and Broadcloth in the latest patterns
The famous Watson's Ladies, Mens and Boys Un-
derware in all sizes and weights

Now is the time for Sour Kraut
Cabbage 2c per lb
Try our Special Brand of Green Tea at 35c per lb
Tuxedo Brand of all goods cannot be surpassed for
quality and price

UNDERTAKING

We are now prepared to furnish Coffins, Caskets and
everything pertaining to the Undertaking business.
Arrangements made with Calgary firm for embalm-
ing, etc.

100 New Settlers Arrive

The first detachment of the large party
of Seventh Day Adventists who recently
purchased about 20,000 acres of land at
the Rosebud tract about 25 miles east,
arrived in Crossfield on Sunday evening.

The train which was a heavy one
consisted of 29 cars of household effects,
farm implements, together with about
250 head of horses and cattle.

About 40 of the men belonging to the
party accompanied the train which ar-
rived on Sunday. Women and children
came on Monday morning's passenger
train and all at once set to work to pre-
pare for the last stage of their long
journey to their new homes. Wagons
and rigs of various kinds were fitted up
and loaded with furniture and other
necessaries and on Tuesday morning the
most of them drove off to their new farms.

The party is composed of families from
Bowden, and Harvey, North Dakota and
all except three families are Seventh Day
Adventists.

100,000 feet of lumber was on the
ground awaiting their arrival and they
will at once set to work to erect homes
and barns for themselves.

These immigrants are a thrifty looking
lot, and neat and tidy in appearance.
They are of splendid physique. The
children are fat and robust, and there

does not seem to be anyone of weak con-
stitution among the whole party.

In religion these people are Seventh
Day Adventists. They have brought
their own minister with them. Rev. Mr.
Himann. It is characteristic of German
Adventists that they are sober and
industrious citizens. They do not use
tobacco, and profanity is an unheard
thing among them.

Another party of land-seekers from the
same district looked over the land last
week and bought five or six sections
of land adjoining that of the larger party.
They have left for home, and may ar-
ranged to bring out their families this
fall.

This is undoubtedly the most im-
portant party of colonists that has ever
settled in the district, as all the party are
experienced farmers and thoroughly
understand all the requirements of farm
life.

Rev. Mr. Himann, who accompanied the
party, stated that they are all well
pleased with the treatment they received
from the railway officials. Especially
are they pleased with their treatment
here, Mr. Schumann, the station
agent, having shown them every con-
sideration. As Mr. Himann expressively
put it "there's no kick coming."

The Colonization Company is to be
congratulated on its success in bringing in
settlers of such a fine class as those who
have come in with this party. "The above
party makes 58 cars of settlers to come
into Crossfield since the end of March.

AIRDRIE.

Watch Airdrie Grow!

Presbyterian services at 3:30 p. m.

Methodist Sunday services at 10 a. m.
and 7:30 p. m.

Prayer meeting will be held on Thurs-
day evening.

Mr. James Watt has disposed of his
house which was situated in Calgary.

Mr. Albert Jones has returned home
from his trip to the Red Deer.

H. Jobson has completed the bridge on
the road running by Mr. Shaver's

We are sorry to hear of Mr. Weeger's
illness. We all wish that he may quickly
improve.

A gentleman here has recently trans-
acted a very large deal, trading three
pups for three pigs. Well done, keep
business on the move.

We are glad to hear that Mrs. Jones is
on the mend, after undergoing a very
critical operation in St. Mary's Hospital
down in Rochester, Minn. Judging from
the last report we expect to have Mrs.
Jones back to her home again in the
course of a week or two, accompanied by
her husband Mr. Jones.

Thanksgiving services will be held by
the Presbyterians of Airdrie on Sunday
November 8th at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m.
Rev. Mr. Mahaffy, B. D., of Calgary,
will preach. On the Monday evening
there will be a social and programme
and Mr. Mahaffy will give one of his
popular talks on "Star gazing."

Mr. J. E. Gustus having completed his
farming operations here for this season,
departed for his home in Moline, Illinois
yesterday, arriving there in time to cast
his vote for Mr. Taft. Mr. Gustus
assures us he will return to Airdrie in
time to supervise his farming operations
east of Airdrie early next spring. His
plans for extensive development of his
farm call for the tillage of four or five
hundred acres of ground in the near
future.

A party of landseekers visited Airdrie
last week and after carefully looking over
the land they purchased nearly 7000
acres about nine miles east of town.

The party consisted of nineteen men
all of whom appeared to be greatly
pleased with the district and no doubt
this is but forerunner of other large
parties of seekers after new farm homes
who will flock in upon us as long as land
is available for settlement and can be
had at reasonable prices.

BORN.

COLTER.—East of Crossfield on Monday
28th October to Mr. and Mrs. E. C.
Colter—a son.

The Light Horse.

The following are the names of those
who have signed the Service Roll and in-
dorse "joining the troop of 10th Light
Horse to be formed in Crossfield:

R. L. Boyle
Jas. Brand
J. W. Calhoun
George Oldaker
Donald Matheson
George W. Boyce
W. B. Edwards
Clifford Charters
R. E. Bishop
A. L. W. Sampson
Chas. C. Smart
C. E. Brown
Wm. Brandon
F. D. Wigle
G. A. Bishop
A. A. Charters
H. A. Murray
Jas. McLeod
S. R. McKay
R. M. McKay
G. H. Richardson
D. J. McKay
W. G. Cochrane

SAMPSONTON

Miss Carrie Stokes is a guest at Mr.
Dick Walsh's at present.

Jim Farquharson left on Friday for
Nanton where he will engage in bridge
building during the winter.

Wm. Brennan left for Calgary on
Monday. He intends working in the
C. P. R. car shops as a machinist all
winter.

Mrs. J. Nash and daughter Florence
have returned to Kenora, Ont., after
spending the summer with Mrs. M. L.
Boyle her daughter.

A party of Government Surveyors
passed through here this week heading
for the saw mill. They are engaged
upon surveying a direct trail from Cross-
field to the timber.

Charles Havens had the misfortune
to be badly kicked on the head by a horse
whilst stooping in the stable to pick up
a glove. He is progressing favourably,
is the latest report.

There was a shooting match at Samp-
sonton on Saturday when a number of
fine ducks were put up for marksmen to
shoot for. Some good sport was had,
and keen competition resulted in close
shooting.

On Friday evening a party of about
twenty young people surprised Mr. Dick
Walsh, and with dancing and games
made merry until midnight when supper
was served. After supper the programme
was continued until the small hours of
the morning when all dispersed having
spent an enjoyable time.

The Elections.

The long looked for election day has
come and gone. While all the results
are not yet to hand and recounts, etc.,
may make a few changes it is nevertheless
certain that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has again
been returned to power for another term
by a majority which will run somewhere
from 48 to 50.

Locally the triangular contest between
M. S. McCarthy, Dr. Stewart, and F.
Sherman, caused considerable interest
and excitement. Right along the con-
test was fought on most friendly lines.
In Carstairs, Crossfield, Airdrie and
other places Mr. McCarthy had a majority
while Sampson, Dog Pound and other
places gave Dr. Stewart the lead. The
socialist Sherman polled a total of 744
votes but this was not sufficient to save
his deposit.

The following was the result—
McCarthy (Cons) 4082.
Sherman (Socialist) 744.
Stewart (Liberal) 3539.

Conservative majority 723 with two
polls to hear from.

The following are the latest election re-
turn for this province:

CONSERVATIVES.
Calgary: McCarthy, maj. 723; with
two places to hear from.
Macleod: John Horron, 250; with four
places to hear from.

LIBERALS.
Edmonton: Hon. Frank Oliver, 2025;
with 47 places to hear from.

Red Deer: Dr. Clark, 249; with 12
places to hear from.

Strathcona: Dr. McIntyre, 719; with
a few places to hear from.

Victoria: H. A. White, 423; with
some places to hear from.

LOCAL.

G. W. Motter spent Friday in Airdrie.
G. Treverton Jones of the Rosebud was
a visitor to Airdrie on Friday.

A. Sackett has purchased a town lot
this week from Hulgren & Davis.

Motter Bros., from Calgary, are look-
ing after their Crossfield interests this
week.

Mr. Becker has purchased another 240
acres of land adjoining his farm. Messrs
Hulgren & Davis negotiated the deal.

Messrs Hulgren & Davis this week
sold seven lots in the new C. F. R. sub-
division.

Gross Bros. find threshing going well.
With two female pitchers they threshed
4100 bushels in two days last week.

We regret that the non-arrival of
material from Winnipeg has caused a
reduction in the size of the paper this
week.

The final meeting in Crossfield in the
campaign just over was held in the band
hall last Friday night. T. H. E. Magee
occupied the chair and the principal
speaker was Mr. Tweedie, Mr. Schole-
field and Mr. R. L. Boyle also spoke.

The C. P. R. Irrigation Co. has just
purchased a large tract of land on the market.
The opening up and selling of this land is of
great importance to Airdrie and will do a
great deal to bring increased prosperity to
this district.

We regret to learn that one of the
families from Dakota who left town on
Tuesday failed to reach the Colonization
buildings out east. They were the last to
leave town and must have lost the trail.
We trust soon to hear that they have
been located.

Wreck at Airdrie.

On Saturday night a freight, pulled by
a Mogul, ran into a bullabout 30 yards
north of Airdrie and when the train
reached the switch opposite the tank the
engine and four cars left the track, sink-
ing deep into the soil, made mainly by
the leakage of water from the tank. It
meant a good eight hours' work to get
the Mogul on the rails, and to delay the
train as little as possible it was decided
to build a new stretch of track to let the
passenger and a stock train pass. This
was done in record time, the passenger
train being held at Crossfield until it
was completed.

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restore a Despondent Sufferer to Health.

"Although it is now some years since I found it necessary to take medicine of any kind, I attribute my present good health entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. As I write Mr. Wm. M. Ferguson, St. John West, N.B. Mr. Ferguson writes: 'I was a sufferer from chronic bronchitis and general debility. I had always been delicate but as I grew older I seemed to grow weaker, and at the approach of autumn I commenced to cough and had to remain in the house all winter. With the coming of summer I always got a little better, only to be laid low again when the winter weather was over. During my last and most severe attack my cough became more distressing and I raised considerable phlegm, while at night I would be bathed in a cold, clammy sweat. The doctor's medicine relieved my cough a little during the day time, but there was no other improvement as I had no appetite, the night sweats continued and I was growing weaker. I changed doctors three different times but with no improvement. Then I began to take cod liver oil, but my stomach had grown so weak that it refused to retain it. It was at this time when I was trying to reconcile myself to my fate that a pamphlet relating cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was left at my door. Although my friends thought me a decline and although I was feeling hopeless myself, I decided to try the Pills. After using several bottles though I still continued to cough, I felt better in other respects, and my appetite was gradually returning. I was not only surprised, but pleased to find this improvement, and I gladly continued their use. By the time I had taken ten boxes the night sweats and the cough had entirely disappeared, and I was feeling quite vigorous. I took two more boxes, and felt that there was no necessity to continue the treatment as I was in better health than I had ever been before. When I completed the last box I weighed myself and found that I had gained 32 pounds. As I said before it is some years since I have been laid up, and I have not had a cough in any season since, and have always enjoyed the best of health. I believe, therefore, that it is entirely due to the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I am alive and well today, and I trust that others will benefit by my personal experience."

You can get these pills from your medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"It 'pears tew me," remarked the rural philosopher, "that law air a heap right like a cat, and a heap more."

"How's that?" queried the hired man.

"Somebody has tw break it before yew kin tell whether it's enny good or not," explained the old grauger. —Chicago News.

It is in Demand.—So great is the demand for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil that a large factory has been recently busy making and bottling it. To be in demand shows popular appreciation of this preparation, which stands at the head of proprietary compounds as the leading Oil in the market and it is generally admitted that it is deserving of the lead.

Her Husband.—If a man steals, no matter what it is, he will live to regret it.

You Used.—During our courtship you wife to steal kisses from me.

Her Husband.—Will, you heard what I said.—Tib-Bits.

Take no substitutes for Wilson's Fly Paste. No other fly killer compares with them.

"To what do you attribute your success?"

"To taking people at their word," answered the Polish with the chin whiskers. "Take a man at his word nowadays and it surprises him so that he never fails to live up to it." —Kansas City Journal.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Harold.—Who was that homely looking chap I saw you with yesterday, Percy?

Percy.—Look out, now, Harold. That was my twin brother.

Harold.—Fardon me, old chap; I ought to have known.—Chicago Journal.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

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Men Should Brush Their Hair More.

"Very few men brush their hair enough," said a downtown barber. "Fact: Most ills of the scalp can be traced to that fault. You see it's this way. A man is generally in a hurry when he dresses and he never takes time to brush his hair, simply smothering it down, generally only with a comb, and, as a result, dandruff is allowed to accumulate and trouble begins. Now, with a woman it's different. A woman has to carefully brush her hair at least once a day. If she didn't it would be a pretty mess; its very length saves her, for in brushing it each day she gets out all sorts of impurities, dandruff and the like, all of which is for her own good. Now, that is the reason why fewer women suffer from dandruff than the unfortunate members of the opposite sex, and it is also the reason why the hair is a woman's crowning glory, even if she is fair, fat and forty. So brush your hair every morning thoroughly, if you want to keep in the swim. You're right. Next, sir—Philadelphia Record.

Regarded as one of the most potent compounds ever introduced with which to combat all summer complaints and inflammation of the bowels, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial has won for itself a reputation for other cerebral for its purposes can aspire to. For young or old suffering from these complaints it is the best medicine that can be procured.

Milkman.—You're up early this morning, sir. Out for a little fresh air, I suppose?

Populist.—I tell whether it's a fresh heir or heiresa yet; just been for the doctor.—Catholic Standard & Times.

Your druggist, grocer, or general storekeeper will supply you with Wilson's Fly Paste, and you cannot afford to be without them. Avoid unsatisfactory substitutes.

Ostend.—Pa, what kind of ships are courthouses?

Pe.—Soft ships, my son.

Ostend.—And what kind of ships sail the sea of matrimony?

Pe.—Hardships, my son.—Chicago News.

SALADA

The delicious flavor of "Salada" Tea is largely due to the care used in the cultivation and preparation, and to the fact that it is packed in sealed tins, and is therefore perfectly safe in coming in contact with the air that would affect its flavor.

George—Gertie has decided to marry your Multimili. She thinks she can make something out of him. Ethel—About how much?—London Opinion.

Only the uninformed endure the agony of corns. The knowing ones apply Holloway's Corn Cure and get relief. A firm of shady outside London brokers was prosecuted for swindling. In acquitting them, the court, with great severity, said:

"There is not sufficient evidence to convict you, but if anyone wishes to know my opinion of you I hope that they will refer to me."

Next day the firm's advertisement appeared in every available medium with the following well displayed—"References as to probity, by special permission, the Lord Chief Justice of England."—Everybody's Magazine.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

Willie—Papa, what is a close call? Father—A close call, my son, is the kind of call your mother's sweetheart makes when they sit in the parlor with the light out.—Boston Transcript.

Send for Surgeon.

Stockton, Man.—Geo. Buile was taken on suddenly ill and a consultation of physicians in attendance decided an immediate operation was necessary. Dr. Burnham, of Winnipeg, was sent for.

An Exceptional Woman.

Magistrate.—You say your wife threw a teacup and struck you on the head?

Plaintiff.—Yes, your honor.

Magistrate.—How far was she away from you at the time?

Plaintiff.—About ten feet.

Magistrate.—What did she aim at?

Plaintiff.—At me.

Magistrate.—Well, all I've got to say is that you ought to be proud of a wife like that.—Chicago News.

Very Desirable.

On red-hot summer days.

What comfort it would be

To have at hand always

An educated tree

To follow us around the town, no matter

Where we are strolled,

And furnish us with shade

And, if it were a lemon tree, with lemonade!

The Regent Diamond.

The Regent Diamond, probably the most perfect brilliant ever cut, weighs in its present state 106½ carats. The Kohinoor lost in the recutting 80½ carats and now weighs 102½ carats.

The Regent was so named from the fact that it was acquired from Louis XV. by the Duke of Orleans, then regent of France.

A BROKEN PANE OF GLASS.

One That Once Cost Citizen George Francis Train \$50,000.

A broken window pane once cost George Francis Train more than \$50,000. It was this way: Citizen Train, "with the brains of twenty men in his head, all pulling different ways," went to Omaha in the spring of 1894. At that time he was the most talked of man in America. He had not a thing but money. He bought 5,000 city lots and altogether spent several hundred thousand dollars. He boarded at the Herndon House, the best hotel in sight. The Quixote Train was regular in only one thing—his habits. He always occupied the same seat at the table. One morning a pane of glass was broken out of a window directly behind his chair. He protested and was advised to change his seat. He would not. Instead he paid a servant 10 cents a minute to stand between him and the draft. After breakfast he expostulated with the landlord, but received no satisfaction.

"Never mind," said Train. "In sixty days I will build a hotel that will ruin your business."

And he did. The contract was let that day. Sixty days of men and money. The site selected was Ninth and Harney streets, near the Missouri river. Citizen Train went to New York and secured Colonel Cassa, a noted caterer of that city, as manager for his hotel.

The building alone cost \$40,000. The furnishings cost \$20,000 more. In the basement was a gas plant, the only one west of St. Louis. The work was done on time, true to his word, sixty days after he threatened the manager of the Herndon House George Francis Train, citizen of the earth, opened his hotel, which he called the Cassa House. The grand opening ball was attended by the governor of Nebraska and his staff, the mayor of Omaha and many notables from other states. The house was a blaze of glory and a scene of almost oriental magnificence. Just when the big reception was well on there was a sudden flash, a strange noise, and then—total darkness! The gas plant had collapsed.

The Cassa House was a flourishing business for a year or two, and the Herndon House was badly crippled. Finally Train fell out with his manager, and the place was closed. After the business part of Omaha moved back from the river the Herndon House declined and finally relapsed into a state of languid decadence. A few years later it became the property of the Union Pacific railroad.

VOODOO DOCTORS.

Belief of Negroes in Their Ability to Work "Spells."

A well educated and clever negro in Philadelphia related, with obvious sincerity, an experience of his own with a famous voodoo "doctor" of that city who had grown rich from his wizardry.

"Once a person had a writ out against me," this negro said. "The constable had it. The magistrate was set against me. I went and got a charm from the 'doctor.' I met my enemy, but I was not seen. I met the constable and he walked by and never noticed me. The magistrate did what he had never done before—forgot all about it. The voodoo stopped it all."

This same negro related another incident of his experience:

"Once I was nearly killed by a voodoo black cat, which used to come into the house. I threw a stick and hit it. It was terrible. It tormented me. I was ridden in dreams like a horse. I suffered wretchedly. I was dying. I went to the voodoo 'doctor.' I paid him \$5 for a spell. That night I awoke. The window was open; the moon was shining. I saw the little black witch hovering up and down there. She was smaller than in her own body. She wore a very big old fashioned bonnet. Her face was like that of the cat. But she did not come any closer to me. Then she faded away. That ended it!"

The belief is prevalent among the negroes that witches have power to assume the forms of various animals. In South Carolina a man employed to guard against such visitations is to scatter rice or similar small grains thickly over the floor in the form of a cross. Before the witch can approach her victim she must devour every grain. This task is too tedious for her patience, and she takes herself off.

—Harriet Dine in Metropolitan Magazine.

Village Income From Golf.

The village of Brancaster has made an arrangement with the Royal West Norfolk Golf club under which it receives 4 per cent of the club's gross income, with a guarantee of not less than \$250 in any year, for the use of the land which has been converted into links. Each year the money is distributed equally among householders of not less than twelve months' residence. This year the distribution has just been made, and the club paid over \$315, an increase of \$42 upon last year's contribution. The amount sufficed to give every household in Brancaster \$1.25 and leave a balance in hand.—London Standard.

OUR AGENT IS NOW TOURING THE WESTERN PROVINCES



SUITS SENT WITHIN SEVEN DAYS AFTER RECEIPT OF ORDER.

It is worth your consideration—the perfection of fit, style and finish at the minimum of cost. For years past we have made tailoring our special study, until to-day it is no exaggeration to say that our House boasts the finest equipment and organization in the Tailoring World. We have specialized in the art of fitting clients residing over-seas, and, moreover, not only in fitting, but also in producing the real American fashions. There is no need to pay exorbitant prices for your tailoring requirements. The merit of our tailoring is backed by our unreserved guarantee to refund every cent of our clients' money where we fail to give absolute satisfaction. No other Tailoring House on either side of the Atlantic dare offer such an unqualified guarantee. Whether you desire your clothes tailored in latest New York style or latest London fashions, we guarantee absolute satisfaction. The process is simple. Merely fill in a postcard, and address same to us as below, asking for our selection of materials. By return you will receive our latest assortment of patterns, together with latest fashion-plates, instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all free and carriage paid. We dispatch your order within seven days from receipt, and if you don't approve, return the goods, and we will refund your money.

SUITS AND OVERCOATS to measure from \$5.14 to \$20.

URZON BROS. The World's Measure Tailors.
(Dept. G 81), 60/62 CITY ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Addresses for Patterns:
For Toronto and East Canada:
OURZON BROS., c/o MIGHT DIRECTORIES, LTD., (Dept. G 81)
74-76 Church Street, TORONTO, ONTARIO.
For Winnipeg and the West:
OURZON BROS., c/o HENDERSON BROS., (Dept. G 81)
279-Garry Street, WINNIPEG.

Below we tabulate the various towns that Mr. Greene will visit on his tour, together with approximate dates of his arrival in each town:

Edmonton, The Alberta	Sept. 28th
Battleford, Windsor Hotel	Oct. 8th
Prince Albert, Queen's Hotel	Oct. 8th
Saskatoon, Iroquois Hotel	Oct. 12th
Brandon, "The Empire"	Oct. 12th
Regina, "The Clayton"	Oct. 22nd
Portage la Prairie, The Landmark	Oct. 29th
Winnipeg	Nov. 2nd

LOOK OUT FOR DEFINITE DATES
Please mention this paper.

TRISCUIT

If you don't to thoroughly enjoy your vacation don't forget to take along a supply of **TRISCUIT**—The Dainty Shredded Wheat Wafer. Nutritious and appetizing. Try it with butter, cheese or fruits.

1055

ALWAYS READY TO SERVE—Sold by All Grocers.

Sunday School Teacher.—What are you going to be when you grow up, Tommy?

Tommy.—I'm a-goin' to be a pirate till I get old and sick, and then I'm a-goin' to turn to the Lord.—Judge.

"How often you see artists of real merit struggling for a livelihood?"

"It's mostly their own fault," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I'd be willing to give some of 'em a chance, but the trouble with a real artist is that he insists on painting pictures that don't advertise anybody except himself."

Washington Star.

Straight Talk from a Dog Trainer.

One day, as a doctor was driving into a village he saw a man a little the worse for liquor amusing a crowd of spectators with the antics of his trick dog. The doctor watched him awhile, and said:

"Sandy, how do you manage to train your dog?"

"I can't teach him to do anything."

"Sandy, with the simple look in his eyes so common in those rustic said: 'Well, you see, doc, you have to know mo'rn the dog, or you can't learn him anything.'—Cleveland Leader.

The Wooing of Wilhelmina.

By Cecily Allen.

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Of Wilhelmina's taste in dinner giving and the quality of her hospitality there could be no question. The first was above reproach; the second, like that of mercy, was not strained.

Of Wilhelmina's ability as an artist, however, there was very grave question indeed. Those who had no desire to defer to her dinners were very apt to pronounce her pictures dross, which will explain why Dolson drew Remington aside and reviewed the situation. Dolson was taking Donald Remington, who had just returned from a year in England, to enjoy one of Wilhelmina's Sunday night dinners.

"You see, she hasn't had a fair chance yet, but she's awfully ambitious, and we all have hopes."

Remington nodded understandingly. He knew the type of artist, though the rosy colors in which Dolson had painted the dinner prospective had rather confused him.

"They lived on a farm—her folks had all kinds of money, blooded stock and all that—and they sent her to boarding

school and true artistic instinct as stamped on a home, irrespective of cost or pretense, and he knew just as far as homemaking was concerned Wilhelmina Stevens was an artist.

Perhaps that was why, when he caught his first glimpse of her, her eyes, he almost groaned aloud. "Those birches are wonderfully true," he heard Dolson explain, and he knew that the boy had picked out the one best point to what he felt was a landscape gone on a Saturday night's spree.

The pathos of her pose was to him fairly fascinating. Often after he came to the studio, and always his heart went within him as he realized how absorbed and determined was this lovely, young-old woman. She reminded him of a family friend who would cut caricatures at grand opera or concert and yet who could never strike a single true note or carry a tune and who wept because singing her lullabies to sleep was a boon denied.

Remington dropped in to see Wilhelmina just when she was sure of finding her alone. He avoided her dinners and teas and chafing dish suppers. He found Wilhelmina's society

inspiring, but to him it was a mission. He wished to transplant to the suburbs of New York the love of old English architecture which he had absorbed during his years in the English provinces. And Wilhelmina not only appreciated English architecture, but she was instinctively to grasp its fundamental principles.

Remington had not dared to tell her how much he had dropped upon her working out his plans for the cottage contest in the "ladies" round the year guest. That was why, with triumph lighting his brows and brightening his eyes, he rushed into her studio one stormy March day, the letter of acceptance in his hand. And Wilhelmina sprang up abruptly from the mass of pillows on her divan and tried bravely but ineffectually to hide her tears.

Remington stopped, joy freezing on his lips at sight of her obvious grief.

"Wilhelmina, what has happened?"

"Daniel's sent me home—to me to pack up my brushes and go away. His class was not for such as I."

The wretched truth was out. Daniel, whose special course at the academy was for the chosen few, the few with money to pay, had turned her out, money or no money. Like many a genius, he decided to teach.

And Remington realized bitterly that the blow had been doubly hard because of the false hopes raised in this woman's heart by those who had feasted at her board.

Like a flash from the skies came his inspiration.

"I am sorry if you are disappointed, dear girl," he said, drawing her gently down on the divan and gripping her hand firmly in his, "but it gives me the courage to tell you what I want to say for a long time. Will you drop still life and the figure, oils and studio life and dig hard into architecture and interior decoration? That's your gift. I've known it ever since the first night I stepped into this room and studied your hangings. And she who helps to build a home is as great as she who paints pictures for its walls. Will you?"

"Do you think I could really?"

His words had been like a balm to her aching ears. She raised those wonderful grey eyes to his brown ones, and her lips curved into a smile pathetic in its beauty and womanly. And again Remington did the thing he had not anticipated. He bent over deliberately and kissed the lovely lips.

"I want to be your teacher," he said gently. "Not for a few weeks or months, but always. Why, you know we've done those cottage drawings together and won! Here's the letter. We'll build one of these very houses on the site I was showing you last week in the little of the village we call studio. Think of the houses we can plan there, with the whole of New York harbor to inspire us! And some day when Daniel wants us to design a house for him we'll laugh and turn him down."

"Donald Remington," she said, sternly suppressing the dancing light in her eyes. "Do you call this a proposal of partnership or matrimony?"

"Look me in the eye and ask that question again," he said.

Her glance fell before him.

"I am thirty-four tomorrow," she murmured, her face pale.

"You are the loveliest woman in the world and the only one for me. I knew that the first time I saw you. Besides, I am of age myself. Will you marry me tomorrow?"

"I will not!" gasped the astonished Wilhelmina.

"Why not?" cried Remington.

"Because I give a dinner tomorrow night to a crowd—and there is no time to call it off. It was to celebrate the coming of Daniel."

Just for an instant the shadow of regret fell upon her lovely face, but she brushed it away, seeing it, took her in his arms.

"Bless the old bird! If he'd pronounced you a genius where would I have been?"

FACTS ABOUT COUNTIES.

Some of Them Are Larger Than Many of the States.

The county is a territorial division that the United States derived from Great Britain, where the counties correspond to the provinces or departments of other European countries and in a limited sense to the states of the American Union. An Englishman addressing a letter to "Parkington, Hants," as we address a letter to "Columbus, O.," or "Elmira, N.Y."

One state, which derives its usages from French and not from English originals, has no counties at all. In Louisiana these subdivisions of the state are still called parishes, both officially and in ordinary speech, though they are now divided into many real parishes of the church.

There are about 3,000 counties in the Union, with an average size of about 1,000 square miles, but this average is enormously exceeded in many instances and is also frequently fallen below. Leaving out certain great unsettled counties in the west, the average county would be about 500 square miles in extent.

In much of the western part of the country the size of the county is regulated mathematically. It consists of sixteen sections, each composed of thirty-six square miles, making 576 square miles in all. In other words, each township is 36 square miles and each county twenty-four square miles.

In Iowa there are thirty-nine counties that were formed in this way, each one of which has exactly 36 square miles. Such divisions are possible in the newer west, where these minor political divisions were made in advance of settlement. In the older parts of the country the territorial arrangements were largely accidental.

The largest county in the United States is Navajo county, Ariz., which has an area of almost 30,000 square miles. Nine states of the Union are each smaller than this county. It is larger than the whole of West Virginia and almost as large as South Carolina.

The sixteen counties of Montana average a greater size than those of Massachusetts.

Some of the great counties of the Union are San Bernardino and San Diego, in California, which are only vast regions, not for serious productive territory; Humboldt and Lincoln counties, in Nevada, which are sparsely populated; and Lincoln county, N. M., which bids fair in time to have a large population.

Although the New England states are small, the largest of them, the state of Maine, is one of the middle, western and southern states. Worcester county, in Massachusetts, is exactly the size of the eastern county that is at the same time large in area and very populous. It is larger than the adjoining state of Rhode Island.

The smallest state in the Union has the smallest county as well. Bristol county, R. I., has only twenty-five square miles. At one place it has more than two miles in breadth.

Thread In Surgery.

Are you aware that the modern surgeon employs in his work dozens of different kinds of thread for sewing up cuts and wounds? Among them are kangaroo tendons, horsehair, and even the tendons of a man. Many of these threads are intended to hold for a certain number of days, and then naturally disappear. Some are short, though tendons taken from the kangaroo, which are used for sewing severe wounds, will hold for four or five days before they break away. Silk thread will remain much longer, sometimes six or seven days, and silver wire is practically indestructible.

With the entire outfit a surgeon is able to select a thread that will last as long as the wound takes to heal, and will then disappear completely. To accommodate this assortment of threads, several varieties of needles are required. Besides the needle created in different segments of a circle, surgeons use needles shaped like spears, javelins and bayonet points.

Queer Auction Custom.

"Candle auction" is an ancient custom which still survives in Somersetshire, England. A valuable piece of meadow land in the village of Tatworth was sold recently by auction while the candle burned. The ceremony consists of the burning of an inch of candle, the last bidder before the candle's final flicker becoming the tenant for the ensuing year. Previous to the auction freeholders assembled for a supper of bread and cheese, and the proceeds of the funds for this being provided from the "ceiling" of the new tenant. Pines are used for the burning, and some baying, laughing out loud and moving, other than bidding, while the candle is burning.

Colridge's Cottage For Englishmen.

Colridge's cottage at Nether Stowey, West Somerset, England, has been acquired for the nation. It was the cottage that the poet wrote "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel" and other poems.

Won a Swimming Race at 76.

J. Barker celebrated his 76th birthday by winning the annual veterans' swimming race in the Serpentine, London. The oldest competitor was J. Clark, whose age is 72.

OCEAN AN ENORMOUS POOL.

Winds and Currents Keep It Moving Round and Round.

The discoveries of modern science have revealed that the deep sea is as terrific as any that ancient fables created and have shown that oceans are not mere wastes of water, but the homes of an astounding variety of living things. More than this, it has been discovered that the seas themselves have each a sort of law of existence which they obey. The hydrographic office of Washington has for years been trying to learn something of the characteristics of the Atlantic ocean as a great moving body of water by means of bottles containing papers, which have been dropped overboard from vessels in many places and picked up again either in the open sea or on shores where they had stranded.

Many of these bottles have been found and picked up again either in the open sea or on shores where they had stranded. Knowing from its records where the bottles had been thrown overboard, the bureau has been able to trace in a general way the path they must have followed in order to reach the places where they were found.

Being partially filled with air and then securely corked, the bottles float on the surface of the water and go wherever the winds and the currents of the sea carry them. Each bottle contains a record of its start, the date and the name of the vessel. Some of these bottles have floated for many months on the bosom of the Atlantic and traveled thousands of miles.

It has been ascertained that bottles dropped overboard between the shores of the United States and England or France generally travel toward the northeast, following the course of the great river in the ocean called the Gulf stream. Bottles started off the coasts of Spain or Africa travel in a southerly direction, and among the West India islands. Along the European side of the ocean the bottles travel in a southerly direction, and along the American side a northerly course.

Thus as a result of winds and currents the whole Atlantic is shown to be slowly circulating around and around in an enormous pool. This accounts for the stories that were current in Europe hundreds of years ago of strange objects and human figures having floated from the new to the old world, thus giving a clew to the extent of undiscovered lands across the sea.

A Rare Noblesman.

The American father of the heiress greeted the count who was a suitor for his daughter with dignified firmness. "I am sorry," he said, "but my daughter has done me too much honor of consenting to be my wife. I am called to complete my negotiations."

"All right," wearily said the father. "How much of a cash settlement do you expect?"

"Nothing, sir."

"What! How much will I have to pay for your daughter's debts?"

"Nothing, sir. I do not gamble."

"How much will I have to put up to the extent of your daughter's debts brought by chorus-girls?"

"Nothing, sir. I do not flirt."

"How much will I have to pay to rebuild your castle?"

"Nothing, sir. It is in fine repair."

"But she has incurred some expense for me. Out with it!"

"No, sir, nothing. I simply love your daughter and the love, sir, and wish to be married. Is not that enough?"

"Is it not enough to ask you to give me a magnificent diamond ring?"

"Come to my arms!" exclaimed the American father, and tried to fall upon the neck of the delightful count.

But he awoke on the floor, having tumbled from his bed as the finish to his amazing dream.

Vocal Verses.

The ancient Persians must have understood something of the laws of atmospheric pressure, else how could they have constructed some of the very curious jars and vases they left behind them? One of these pieces of pottery was ornamented with the figures of two monkeys, and when water was poured into or out of the vessel sounded like the chattering of monkeys were heard. Another similar vessel had the figure of a bird, which uttered appropriate notes when it was moved, and another with snakes and a frog. A most ingenious water jar bore the form of an aged woman, upon whose cheeks tears were seen to trickle, while sobbing were heard, when water was poured from the jar.

A Favored Fowl.

"I have been told," said Miss Miami Brown, "that the parrot is one of the loveliest birds in the world."

"Be statement," replied Mr. Erasmus Pinkney, "is strictly ornithological."

"I wonder why?"

"I speak that one reason why the parrot lives so long is that he ain't good to eat."

Giving Money.

The difficulty which is faced in America in connection with philanthropy is not to find the people who have the money to give, but to discover the ways in which money may be given wisely. Ideas for wise giving are not so numerous as money, and money is not so plentiful as ideas.

—Chicago Tribune

PERJURY TO ORDER.

Thriving Class Make Their Living by Telling Lies Under Oath.

There is much virtue in an alibi. Unlike Boyle Roche, the famous Irishman cannot be in two places at once, and you invariably find that the first idea of the perjury is the false alibi, which is based on circumstantial evidence is to prove an alibi.

As is pretty well known, however, there exists in India, and also in China, a large class of professional perjurers. For a sum equivalent to four shillings you can hire a man to swear in a law court to any tale you choose to make him learn. Mr. Rippling, in one of his stories, describes the kind of thing.

All through the East these professional perjurers form a regular class, and even British law has utterly failed to exterminate them. Indian judges have long ago learnt to take all evidence with rather more than the proverbial grain of salt.

Even in this country the law courts are not free from similar course. Bill Skyles always knew where to lay his hand on a man who, for a considerable sum, would swear to anything, and he would take his oath that Bill was in the bar at the Blue Dragon at the time of the murder. Perjury is a difficult thing to prove, and it is only in the divorce courts that there is any chance of getting the evidence, and take such steps as he sees fit.

The professional perjurer has been to the fore in several of the most sensational cases which ever came before the courts of this country, and more than once, by the cleverness of counsel, he has won the day. Perjury is a member of the Clan-na-Gael, a facsimile of which Pigott swore he had brought to Paris.

Lord Russell of Killowen, who was defending Parnell, asked Pigott to sit down and write certain words. His own name first, then "proseymint," "livelihood," and several others; "Oh, and one other," he ended with "hesitancy."

Pigott spelled the word "hesitancy."

It was spent in the same way in one of the incriminating letters. Forty-eight hours later Pigott was a proved perjurer and forger.

In the Melkpie case, which caused a tremendous sensation in Persia and in New Zealand, a well-to-do farmer named John Melkpie was charged with perjury. He was convicted solely through the evidence of a man named Lambert, who was afterwards proved to be a perjury. Melkpie was to have been highly paid for his evidence by an enemy of Melkpie.

Poor Melkpie served a sentence of seven years' hard labor; yet, after he got out of prison, he set to work with splendid pluck, secured the conviction of Lambert, and established his own innocence.

HE DESPISED PUNCH.

In His Early Days Tennial Resented Idea of Working on Journal.

It is related of Sir John Tenniel that when, in his early manhood, he offered a place on the staff of Punch, his chief objection was one of indignation. "Do they suppose there is anything extraordinary in the fact of the artist, whose aspirations were for classic painting. He was led to see, however, that Punch had his

serious dignity, and accepted the post of cartoonist offered by Mark Lemon, the then editor, in 1841. Since then over 2,000 famous cartoons have come from his pencil, and he has been a member of the staff ever since.

When it is remembered that Sir John lost the sight of one eye through his love for fencing. Many of his cartoons have been of international importance. Perhaps the most famous was that done by the veteran cartoonist when he was already quite an old man. It was published in the week after the German Emperor dismissed the Iron Chancellor, and it was the original drawing of "Dropping the Pilot." The picture made a great impression abroad as well as at home, and the original drawing was purchased by Lord Rosebery, who presented it to Bismarck. Sir John is now in his ninetieth year.

Gloomy Outlook.

"What are you worried about, Banters?"

"I'm worried 'bout rain, dar'st wunt I'm worried 'bout, an' I reckons I'm gwine to be worried 'bout all summer."

"But it is almost sure to rain before long."

"Yessuh. But when it do it's mos' sure to be no snowch, or not enough."—Washington Star.



"I WANT TO BE YOUR TEACHER," HE SAID.

school. You know how those finishing schools kill one's style."

"From finishing school to studio, eh?"

"Not much. You mustn't make any mistake. She isn't exactly a spring chicken. She's never seen thirty again, and we call her Wilhelmina because she likes it—makes her feel as if she was one of us."

"So does art defer to appetite," murmured Remington as he lighted a fresh cigarette.

"Well, you wait. She went back home from school and took care of both the old folks till they died, three weeks apart. Then she set out everything in Indiana and sold up her studio here in New York. She's brought along a lot of the family heirlooms, mahogany, hand woven stuff and all that, and it's the greatest spot ever seen."

"How about her pictures?" interrupted Remington good humoredly.

"Well, say, you want to be careful about those. She took the course once course in art after she went home, and you know what that means. She's an impressionist, and—"

"Never mind harrowing details. I am prepared for the worst."

Three minutes later he was standing, stricken dumb, in a most gracious presence. As he looked into her clear grey eyes, well set beneath a broad white forehead, he remembered having seen just such a face in his busy life. It was the face of an Englishwoman of title, whose peculiar gifts as a mother had made her greatly beloved of men.

"Did any one ever tell you how much you resemble the Countess of W?" he demanded suddenly.

Wilhelmina flushed faintly and shook her head.

"You are so English that you don't seem to belong here at all!"

"Oh, but I do belong here, and I'm every inch American. I have a latch-key of my very own—and no English girl has that."

All during dinner Remington watched his hostess curiously. She seemed so utterly out of place among her guests, harness, iridescent chape, hanging on the ragged edge of arts prosperity, ungroomed girls with enormous mounds of hair and yellowed flairs which spoke of the cigarette habit.

"Looks like a Madonna among a bunch of diem museum freaks. It's a shame to spoil a good home rather to make a poor artist. God, what waste she had in hangings and fittings!"

For Remington was an architect and a good one. He could size up a re-



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Have you subscribed yet?

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Mr. Scholefield paid a visit to Calgary
on Monday.

Mr. Young, the Liberal organizer,
spent Monday in town.

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Presbyterian Church service held in
Methodist Church every Sunday evening
at 7.30 p. m.

The office belonging to P. C. Cowling
is to be let. Apply to H. C. Morrow or
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Buy a De Laval cream separator from
Edward & Brown, and join the procession
of prosperous farmers.

Watch for particulars of Methodist
Ladies' Aid box social and sale of
goods in the 1st part of December.

On the 28th, of Oct., there will be a
Ladies' Aid meeting instead of Nov. 4th.
It will be held at the Parsonage at 3 p. m.

Methodist Sunday School is held at 2.30
and a preaching service at 3.30 every
Sunday afternoon.

Church of England service will be held
in the School-house, Crossfield, on Sun-
day next at 3.30 p. m.

Everybody is buying town lots now-a-
days. We have a few good residence
lots left at \$50 \$75 and \$100 only 1/2 cash
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Monthly, Westward-Ho Magazine and
this paper altogether for only \$2.75. The
usual price of the above is \$3.50.

On Friday, Nov. 6th, 1908, there will
be a Thanksgiving Tea given by the
Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church. It
is to be held in the parsonage. Tea to be
served from 6 to 8 o'clock. Price 25cts.

'Tis there to get a tie.
So many young men lie.
You hear it on the street
From every one you meet.
Those Shirts that Davie is showing
Has got them all agreeing
To the Tugger's, for these furnishings
to buy.

Here's a Suggestion

You're a good citizen of this part of the
West and realize that you cannot afford
not to keep in touch with all that's going
on. You likewise agree that it is only
common fairness to lend your support to
such a paper as this which is doing its
utmost to help build up this part of the
country.

In addition to the news, you probably
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The Liquor License
Ordinance.

Application for Transfer
of Hotel License.

Application has been made by J. H.
Smith for consent to the transfer to
himself of the license granted to Michael
D. Super in respect to the Aldrich Hotel,
situated on lot one to four (inclusive)
Block 13, Aldrich, Alberta.

If necessary this application will be
considered by the Board of License Com-
missioners at a meeting to be held at
Calgary on Tuesday the 24th day of
November 1908 at 2 o'clock p. m.
Dated at Edmonton this 23rd day of
October 1908.

S. B. WOODS,
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